

## Winter Sports Now at their Height with Snowshoes and Skis in the Lead

Snowshoes Snowshoe Moccasins  
Sandals and Thongs  
Skis, Ski Poles and Ski Bindings

Snowshoes, \$2.25 to 5 50  
Skis, \$1.25 to 4.50

We have Snowshoes To Let

## Moccasins

For Men, Women and  
Children

\$1.75 to \$5

Bundy & Amey,

45 Main St., St. Johnsbury

## HATCH ON TRIAL

(Continued from page four.)

He saw no indications that any of the men were intoxicated. He saw Kirk come out about ten minutes later and 20 minutes after that heard the shot in the pool room. He saw Brown come out and fall right on his face. He passed the pool room very frequently and was sure he could hear the click of balls and ordinary conversation inside the room. He heard no sound previous to the shooting on this Sunday. There was a dim light in the pool room at the time.

On cross examination he said he had been in the park from three-quarters to an hour. There was nothing about the auto to attract his attention and Mr. Kirk did nothing out of the ordinary. He did not see Mr. Kirk light any matches. He had been by the pool room a good many times when he heard no balls or voices.

Henry L. Stanton was called and said he did not know Brown but did know Hatch and Kirk. He told about Hatch and Brown coming to the Carr stable and trying to get a team on the day of the shooting. He also heard Brown and Hatch make arrangements with Kirk to make the trip and they showed no signs of intoxication when they started. On cross examination he thought he would have noticed it if they had been drinking to any extent.

### Heard Brown's Head Drop.

Frank J. Simpson who was sitting in the park opposite to the pool room the night of the shooting said he saw the Kirk auto come from South Main street down the avenue and stop at the pool room. He knew Kirk but not the other occupants. He saw no signs of intoxication in any of the

men. He thought Kirk was in there five minutes. He heard the shot about 20 minutes after Kirk left. He heard a groan in the pool room very plainly. He saw Brown come out, heard him cry that he was shot and fell forward to the sidewalk. He plainly heard his head strike the sidewalk, saw some one try to raise the trunk of the body and let it drop and heard Brown's head strike the sidewalk. He heard it very plainly and cried out "Oh! did you hear that?" There was a dim light in the pool room at the time. He passed the pool room several times a day and could hear balls and voices when passing.

On cross examination he said he was sure he had told every detail about the evening except he said to the fellows with him "Stay here, safety first." He made no exclamation when he heard the shot or when he saw Brown fall. He was about 100 feet from the pool room door. He thought the man lifted Brown's head two and a half feet before he let it fall. He had been by the pool room on several occasions without hearing balls or voices.

**Saw Brown With Revolver.**  
Richard J. O'Connor of Burlington, a traveling man for a tobacco house testified that he had done business with Harlow Hatch on July 14, 1915. He was in the pool room that day and found Brown behind the counter cleaning a revolver. The revolver was taken apart. His direct examination closed here and court took a recess until nine o'clock Wednesday morning.

Before you spend another dollar for home supplies, study the store "ads" and see if you cannot spend it to greater advantage than usual.

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## FARMERS' MEETING TUESDAY

Commissioner of Agriculture Expected To Be A Speaker.  
The annual meeting of the Farmers' association will be held at Pythian hall, St. Johnsbury, on Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 10:00 o'clock. County Agent Leland A. Wood and the financial officers of the association will make their reports, and officers will be elected for the coming year. Free lunch will be served at noon.  
Prof. Thomas Bradlee, the head of the U. S. Agricultural Extension service in Vermont, and Dean Joseph L. Hills of the state college of Agriculture have accepted invitations to be present and speak. E. S. Brigham, State Commissioner of Agriculture, has also been invited to speak. The work for the coming year will be considered. A large attendance is desired.

## TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH A. DE BOER

Council of The City of Montpelier Spreads Resolution On Its Records.  
The city council of Montpelier at its regular meeting on January 12, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:  
Since the last regular meeting of the City, Council of the City of Montpelier, Joseph A. De Boer has died on Christmas Day, and we feel that the passing of this man now requires on our part an expression of our appreciation of his greatness and of our sorrow for the loss of so fine a friend. Born in a distant land, he came to America, but a lad. Raised in obscurity, he overcame, by his inherent earnestness of purpose, obstacles which millions have faced and few, very few, have conquered. Friendless and well-nigh alone, he made his way step by step and day by day to an education and a fitting for a life of usefulness.

He came to this town, a man unknown to the world, unknown to us, and indeed we might say, unknown even to himself, and here in our midst, as our neighbor in this small community, he earned for himself in this City, in the County, in the State, and particularly in the Life Insurance world, a name that future generations will not soon forget, if indeed ever. No man has ever lived in Montpelier who was more loyal to her best interests or more keenly alive to her welfare than was Joseph A. De Boer. The Institution he did so much to foster and perpetuate owes to him quite as great a debt of gratitude as it owes its founders. The City he served so faithfully in all matters in which he was called upon to participate owes to him the debt any municipality owes its foremost citizen, a debt it cannot repay.

No man who asked his counsel ever turned from his door without good advice gladly and freely given, and he counted no day so much employed that he could not find the time to receive even the plainest of his neighbors if he sought him.

It is true he was an adopted Son of Vermont, but it was an adoption of which none was prouder, through the nearly a third of a century in which he was with us, than was he and let us now then, by this public resolution, a body of men representing all the people of the City of Montpelier, acknowledge the purity of character of this man, his loyalty to us, his greatness of mind, his influence in our midst ever for progress, and subscribe our appreciation of the fact that for decades we have had with us, as a neighbor and a friend, one of the ablest men in the country. Joseph A. De Boer. The world was not made forever to mourn, but one cannot forget, nor can we forget this man, and of none who has passed on into eternity in our times, do we feel we could say with greater truth of his whole life's endeavors, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."  
It is the intent of this resolution that a copy be forwarded to his family, another to the press and that it also be inscribed on the permanent records of the City he loved so well.

## NEW KIND OF HOLIDAY

The Observance of Thrift Day, Feb. 3d, is not Confined to Any Race, Class or Denomination.

Thrift Day, Feb. 3, is unique as a holiday, in that its proper observance is a vastly different and far more beneficial one to the individual than the usual celebration of the average holiday. On this day the even tenor of things goes on; business is developed; and financial institutions remain open to do their share in the celebration. There is no cessation of progressive activities familiar to most holidays, and which frequently result in reckless waste of both time and money.

Another feature is that it is the only holiday not confined to any race, religion or class. In its final development it is neither national, sectional, regional or factional, but can be celebrated by all humanity, to the ultimate and lasting benefit of individuals, communities, nations and the world.

The celebration of Thrift Day lies in the faithful performance by each individual of some thrifty action on that day. The very simplicity of the idea will go a long way toward its successful development, and this development will mean a mighty step forward to better conditions for everybody.

For this reason, leaders in all fields of activity, particularly financial institutions, are co-operating to make memorable the first annual observance of Thrift Day this year, so that there will be a fitting standard to be followed on the Thrift Days to come.

### A Chance For Bandits.

Last Wednesday morning the night mail north from Boston carried an express consignment of \$5,000,000 in gold which was transferred at Newport to the Dominion Express company for Ottawa. The shipment weighed 18,000 pounds and was shipped in 25 trunks in a special steel car guarded by 12 armed men, one riding in the cab of the locomotive. The gold came from Cape Town, South Africa, on a freight boat and reached Boston on Tuesday, the Boston news papers referring to it as the most valuable cargo ever floated in Boston harbor.

Honest advertising is the best.

## FLOWER OF ROMANCE

By KATE CONWAY.

"Oh, I've known Tuck Crawford ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper," said Aunt Bethiah placidly. "He won't hurt anybody, and I've never been afraid of him. He's got plenty of money hid down the well, I suppose, or under the mounting stone."

"Then it's a pity he doesn't dig up some of it for Berenice," said Laura passionately. "She has had to stay at home and take care of her father and all those children, five of them, ever since her mother died, and they're well—not poor—I suppose, but always just getting by—don't you know what I mean, auntie? There isn't enough money for this and that, and Berenice can't even think of getting married for years and years."

"Has she got anyone picked out yet?" asked Aunt Bethiah.

"Has she? Why, don't you know she's engaged to our Rob?"

Mrs. Fennimore dropped her crocheting and looked over her eyeglasses at her youngest niece. The hope of the Fennimore family was Rob.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Fennimore, with just a bit of a sigh, "they were sweethearts when they were children. Rob's the kind of a boy to keep the flower of romance blooming for years. Is she nice, Laura?"

"Nice? She's just a darling, auntie. We'll ride over there this morning and you can see her. She's the winsomest girl you ever saw—just that, the winsomest."

"Willing to marry Rob?"

"Oh, yes. I tell you they've been engaged since his junior year, but she has a big idea of duty, and her father needs her. But if their grandfather Crawford would do the right thing they could afford to hire a housekeeper and let Berenice get married in peace."

"Always was too selfish to give a crow a crumb," Aunt Bethiah agreed. "We'll see what can be done. I never was afraid of Tuck Crawford and I ain't afraid. He needs a boss fearfully."

About ten they drove over to the junior Crawford home.

"Real slightly old place, ain't it?" said Mrs. Fennimore when they came away, "and I do like Berenice. She's sweet as a tea rose, I declare she is, with those big brown eyes and that fair, curly hair. Bless her heart! Just drive over to her grandfather's place, will you, Laura?"

Back on an old side road it was, a little gray house in a tangle of trees and grape vines, with a big well sweep at the back and the barn across the road. Mr. Crawford was struggling with the well, trying to draw up a pail, and Laura hurried over to help him.

"Don't spill it, mind," he cautioned testily. "Can't bear a mite o' damp or mildew round my house. Some folks don't mind, but it makes me fearful chilly. Just set it down on that shelf by the sink, Laura. Much obliged."

"How be you, Tuck?" called Aunt Bethiah, happily, coming up the path toward him, her full skirts brushing off leaves and cobwebs from the dry weeds. So sweet-faced and blooming she looked that Laura stared at her. And so did Tuck Crawford. Not such a vision had he seen in many years in his front yard. He wiped his hand off on his coat and gave it to her a bit shakily.

"Why Bethiah, how be ye?" he exclaimed. "Look just as young and pert as ever. When did you get over here?"

"Been East two weeks."

"Widow, too, ain't you?"

"These ten years, Tuck."

"Well, well. How pert you do look!" His faded blue eyes lingered on her cheerful face hungrily. "Want a place as housekeeper, Bethiah? I've been looking 'round for a good, hard-working woman."

"No, thanks," she laughed. "I'm provided for, Tuck. I wanted to see you about Berenice, your grandchild. Our Rob's in love with her, and she with him. I want them to be married before I go back West. Now, I'll give Rob some money, enough to set him up, and I want you to look after Berenice; give her a nice wedding and some of her grandmother's linen and silver. I know she had a lot of it; probably right up in your garret this minute."

"Like enough it is," murmured Mr. Crawford, stroking his little pointed beard. "I ain't looked to see. How pert you look, Bethiah! I can't get over it."

After they had said good-by and driven down the road, the old man stood watching them, leaning his arms on the little rusty iron gate. His face wore a peaceful, satisfied smile. He had promised all Bethiah had asked—wedding clothes, old silver and linen, even the housekeeper.

"Let 'em have it and enjoy themselves," he said. "Take about two hundred to start with, she said. And I got eight thousand in the bank at Willimantic and four over in Putnam. Guess we can give Berenice a wedding like her grandmother had. Wasting the flower of romance?"

He sighed. Sixty years back he had loved Bethiah Newell, or was it fifty? Now she stepped into his old garden and the flower of romance lifted its head at her coming and bloomed for another girl and boy.

He went back up the path smiling and nodding his head, talking softly to himself.

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## PINES' PROPOSAL

By JANE OSBORN.

"Honest, Dave, you've got to give me time," the red-haired advertising manager of the furniture firm of Pins, Pines & Roseworthy was saying to Dave Pines, who had lingered after closing hours of the store to speak to Miss Drew on what he referred to in his note beforehand as a "pressing matter of business."

"You sure did give me a surprise. Why, I'd no more idea that you had taken a fancy to me than that—that that we'd sell out of refrigerators in February. If the Morning Bugle was to send over here with the statement that we could double our Sunday advertising space for the same rate as we pay now I wouldn't have been more surprised. Give me time, Dave. When? Oh, let me see. Suppose you wait till after Sunday. I'll take next Sunday to dope it out. No, I can't possibly tell you any sooner. I have thought so little about getting married. I'll have to drop around to see my friends that have gone and done it and see what they have to say about it. Drop in next Monday at about this time, if you're still interested. And, whatever I decide, you and I'll always be good friends, won't we?"

"Say, that was kind o' clever copy, if I do say it, and that idea of yours to leave the chairs and tables on that special sale in the rain for two nights beforehand just did the business. If they had come over in the Mayflower they couldn't have looked more like the real thing. Oh, that's so, it's Monday. No, I hadn't forgotten—had it down on my desk pad, but I guess I'd have remembered any way."

"Tell you my answer? Well, don't be impatient. Take it slowly, Dave, and then you'll see why I've decided as I have. You'll understand better. You know I wanted to handle the proposition squarely. As I told you it wasn't just an ordinary 'Will you marry me?' when David Pine asked red-head Peg Drew to be junior partner. You know I appreciate the compliment."

"So, I started off Sunday morning to see the girls I went to school with—Aggie Dayton, Pearl Hite, Julie Saunders and Moll Braun. They've all married and I thought they'd give me the dope I was after. And I guess I got it."

"Well, Aggie—I went to her house first. Knew she'd be at home. When a woman has six children and a good-for-nothing husband she doesn't stand much chance of being out on Sunday morning. I was out of breath by the time I got there, four flights up and such a racket! Youngest was cutting his teeth and oldest was yelling because he'd just had to have his baby teeth pulled out. She was mighty glad to see me, though. She hadn't seen any of the girls for years. You know how it is when a girl needs a friend—she usually can't find any. I didn't have to ask her how her marriage had panned out. I tried to cheer her up, though. She had been a good housekeeper once and I asked her why she didn't try this new game of economic independence. If her husband didn't earn enough to get out and earn it herself. But how could a girl like Aggie get out with six children hanging at her apron strings?"

"Well, then I went to see Pearl Hite, and do you know I was almost scared to go in. Those butlers in plum-colored uniforms always did make me feel shy. Pearl sent down by her French maid for me to come up. She was having her coffee in her boudoir and, do you know, I hadn't been there ten minutes before she burst out crying and told me all about it. She's miserable. Husband's gone off with a vaudeville tango queen and it's all they can do to keep the scandal out of the papers."

"Next place I went was Julie's, and do you know it wasn't till I had reached her apartment that I knew she'd left her husband, though she said it had been in all the papers. It wasn't that he had done anything. She just couldn't get along with him; says that for a woman of independence and an 'emancipated intellect' marriage is a state of bondage. She said it was stifling her soul. So now she is studying law and says she's going to devote herself to making divorce easier in the state. 'Eventually,' she said, 'marriage will be like any other contract, binding only so long as both parties agree.'"

"What about Moll? Oh, didn't I tell you? Poor thing! She seems to have been happy, but you know she married a German—Otto Braun was his name—and when the first reservists were called out he joined his colors in the fatherland and it was only last month after all these weeks of anxiety that she learned that he had been killed in the trenches. So she's gone over to Berlin to join the Red Cross to try to forget her own misery. Poor Moll! And she used to be so light-hearted."

"You are not going, Dave? Why, you look kind o' disgruntled. You don't try that you'll wait for my answer! Well, if that is the way you feel about it, I thought maybe when you heard if you would want to go home with me and have the little dinner that Aunt Mandy has been making—real old Virginia chicken and corn bread."

"You see, Dave, after I had heard about those four girls and seen what a failure marriage had been for them I just wanted to try my luck and show folks that marriage is a pretty good invention after all. I've just been dying to tell you all day, Dave, but I wanted to get you guessing."

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## TELLS ABOUT RUSSIA

George C. Thomas Has Come From That Country To Buy Machinery.

The Telegram of Bridgeport, Conn., says:—George C. Thomas, superintendent of the Singer Manufacturing company's plant in Podolsk, Moscow, Russia, is in this city for a few weeks and talks intelligently of conditions in the Czar's kingdom. He will be in this city for about one month and comes to purchase machinery for the Singer factory and also for the Russian government.

Mr. Thomas was for eight years employed by the Singer company in their local plant, but for two years has been in charge of the Russian branch. He states that business is good in Russia notwithstanding the war and declares that many of the stories told by people returning from Russia about the terrible conditions which are alleged to exist in that country, are false.

### Forced To Be Cautious.

Owing to the strict rules of the Russian government Mr. Thomas says that he cannot give any detailed story of business conditions, not even those concerning the Singer plant. He says that there is no place in the Russian factory for American mechanics. The Russians are good workmen. The Americans may be better in some ways but their presence in a Russian factory would create unrest and dissatisfaction and thus impair the effectiveness of the native employees, who, he says, are blessed with great patience and an unlimited capacity for knowledge.

### Ban on Vodka Beneficial.

The ban on vodka, the national intoxicating drink of Russia, which was by an imperial edict, Mr. Thomas says, has resulted in untold good for the peasantry and working men of Russia. Their bank accounts have been enlarged, and their family life is happier since they have been forced to give up the use of intoxicating liquors. Not even a bottle of beer can be purchased he says.

### Must Leave Family Home.

At the present time it would be impossible for Mr. Thomas to take his family, which consists of his wife and two children, to Russia. He hopes, however, to take them over after the close of the war. They are making their home in Devon for the winter. Mr. Thomas says that Americans who are thinking that there will be great opportunities for them in Europe after the war, are making a mistake. Now is the time, he says, for Americans who are thinking of locating in Europe to do so. When the war ends, he says, the people in the various countries will be looking out for themselves and will have no time to bother with strangers.

**Wake Up and Advertise. The Mail Order House gets the trade that should be yours by Advertising.**

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

**Her Chance.**  
Mrs. Suphrage—Our society has appointed me chairman of a committee whose object it is to bring about a reduction in rents. Mr. Suphrage—I'm very glad to hear it, my dear. When we get home you can begin on my trousers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Mysterious Disappearance.**  
"Ma, did I eat the hole in the doughnut too?"  
"No, dear; a hole cannot be eaten."  
"Well, then, what became of it?"—Boston Transcript.

**Eels.**  
A student of fish culture says that two pounds of newborn eels will yield in three years about six tons of edible fish, worth \$1,000.

Yesterday's successes belong to yesterday, with all yesterday's defeats and sorrows. Make today count.

## Old Grist Mill Wheat Coffee

for breakfast or dinner as if you drank real coffee.

And you get none of the harm.  
25c a pound—200 cups.  
Telephone your grocer.  
Potter & Wrightington, Boston.

## 1st PRIZE AGAIN

FOUR YEARS IN SUCCESSION  
At Vermont Maple Sugar  
Makers' Convention



The First prize Maple Syrup and Sugar (in largest and best display by any producer) were made by the

**Williams Improved  
Bellows Falls Evaporators**

For over 40 years we have been making the BEST. Everybody who has ever used our Evaporator knows its advantages are unequalled. PRICES BELOW OTHERS. A full line of Sugar Makers' Supplies. Send for "valuable information" booklet. Vermont Farm Machine Company, Bellows Falls, Vt.

## WHAT YOU WANT

Is the best your money can buy. Trade here once and you will become a regular customer. That's

## WHAT WE WANT

**Brown's Cigar Store**  
49 MAIN ST.

## Special Sale of Hamburg Edgings and Insertions THIS WEEK

Best values ever notwithstanding the advance on account of the war

1000 yds. Hamburg Embroidery,	your choice, 5c yd
500 yds. Hamburg Embroidery,	your choice, 10c yd
INDIA LINON	
2 specials under to-day's price,	10 and 12 1-2c yd
NEW HOUSE DRESSES	
Exceptional values at	\$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 ea.
BUNGALO APRONS	
Better than ever,	25, 39, 50 ar 75c ea
NEW PERCALES	
New, fresh lot just in, old prices,	10 and 12 1-2c yd
NEW GINGHAMS	10 and 12 1-2c yd
NEW NECKWEAR	25 and 50c ea
VALENTINES VALENTINES	
Never have we shown as beautiful a line of Valentines at the same old prices.	
Lace Goods	1c and 2 for 5c ea
Fancy Folding Post Cards	5, 10, 15 up to 50c ea 6 for 5c

## Specials for this Week Only ALL 10c ARTICLES

**Basement Department**  
7c EACH

Flour Sifters	Dust Pans
Scrub Brushes	Cake Tins
Bread Tins	10 qt. Tin Pails
Small Scrub Boards	Fry Pans
Bowl Strainers	Roasting Pans
Egg Beaters	Blackening Brushes
Etc., Etc.	

Hundreds of Items on Sale, 7c ea

**HOUSE BROOMS**  
They have advanced 5c ea. at wholesale. This week only 2 Specials at old prices

1 lot Brooms, 29c 1 lot Brooms, 35c

**E. N. RANDALL CO.**

## It's A Pepperino U. C. T. MINSTRELS

The Big Scream

75—Colossal Chorus—75  
12—Funny Fat End Men—12  
Magnificent Music

Original Afterpiece

## "Vaudeville in Bingville"

Featuring

**SAM CURRIER**  
As Silas Scroggins

Merchant, Postmaster, Constable, Justice of the Peace, Chief of Fire Department, Janitor and Manager of the Bingville Oppy House

IS HE FUNNY? WATCH HIM.

### Sensational Specialties

The Victrola Quartette

Joe ORRIE  
PORTER and JENKS  
MUTT and JEFF

Frank O. French  
ALL ALONE

### Breezes from Broadway

Big Song and Dance Act

12—Stunning Girls—12

12—Sporty Boys—12

THE SHOW WITH THE  
PEP  
DON'T MISS IT

COLONIAL THEATRE

FRIDAY Evening SATURDAY P.M. and Eve.  
Feb. 11 Feb. 12

PRICES: Evening Shows, 50c, 35c, Saturday Matinee, 35c, 25c